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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1904. NUMBER 29

PANDORA'S SONG.

"I stood within the heart of God;
It seemed a place that I had known:
(I was blood-sister to the clod,
Blood-brother to the stone.)

I found my love and labor there,
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,
My ancient rage, my old despair,—
Yea, all things that were mine.

I saw the spring and summer pass,
The trees grow bare, and winter come;
All was the same as once it was
Upon my hills at home.

Then suddenly in my own heart
I felt God walk and gaze about;
Hs spoke; His words seemed held apart
With gladness and with doubt.

"Here is my meat and wine," He said,
"My love, my toil, my ancient care;
Here is my cloak, my book, my bed,
And here my old despair.

"Here are my seasons: winter, spring,
Summer the same; and autumn spills
The fruits I look for; everything
As on my heavenly hills."

—*William Vaughn Moody, from The Fire Bringer.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

JUST PUBLISHED

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

An Answer to a Letter.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

PAMPHLET

Single Copies, 10 Cents. Per Dozen, $1.00.

Unity Publishing Company

3939 Langley Avenue

CHICAGO

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1904. NUMBER 29

Alms.

I met poor Sorrow on the way
As I came down the years;
I gave him everything I had
And looked at him through tears.

"But Sorrow, give me here again
Some little sign to show;
For I have given all I own;
Yet I have far to go."

Then Sorrow charmed my eyes for me
And hallowed them thus far:
"Look deep enough in every dark,
And you shall see the star."

—*Josephine Preston Peabody, in Singing Leaves.*

One of the pleasing features of this year's Chautauqua at Lithia Springs was the dedication of Library Chapel, a building which not only houses an embryonic library for the summer camp but is an unique and attractive chapel built in the woods to do duty the year round. The initial impulse for this building came from contributions in books and money from Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer of Berkeley, Cal., and Booker T. Washington. Rev. H. H. Barber of Meadville preached the dedication sermon and Brother Douthit told the story of the growth of the idea and the building. Brother Douthit is still persistent in the effort to make of Lithia Springs a center of thought, of spiritual and religious enlightenment.

According to the *Literary Digest,* the papers have recently been discussing the question, "Is Christianity Dying Out?" Before this question can be profitably discussed it will be necessary to define what is meant by "Christianity." If Christianity is a system of dogmas based on a supernatural origin with miraculous credentials, Christianity was doomed with the birth of science, and every new triumph of science drives a nail into its coffin. Evolution and this kind of Christianity are incomplete. The Christianity of creeds is dying from being found out. But if Christianity is a sensibility of spirit, an attitude of mind, a quest for goodness, a new emphasis on the right; if it is a thing of psalm, beatitude and parable, a fellowship of love and heart of trust, Christianity is in its infancy and is growing day by day. It grew once on account of the creed-scaffolding; it is now growing independent of and oftentimes in spite of the creed-scaffolding.

The September number of *Mind* has for its initial article one from the pen of Dr. Heber Newton of New York, entitled "The Influence of the East on Religion," which deserves careful reading. That the Orient needs a visitation from the Occident is a fact patent to all students of the contemporary life in Asia, but that the Occident, our present western life, as sadly needs an Orientation is a truth not so promptly apprehended by the commercial, mechanical life of the West. The noise of the steam engine and the practical potency of the dynamo make the western ear deaf to the still small voice and blind to the radiant sunrise. Dr. Newton speaks of "some over-hasty souls who, unwilling to stand with the seer in the gate, have gone out into the east to find there the religion of the future, and going have found nothing higher than the truth which is found in Christianity; but staying at home, from the east there does come a helpful thought of nature, an idealism in philosophy, an appreciation of the true nature of man and a better view of the Christ." When space permits, we hope to publish entire this suggestive article.

The Chicago Tribune prints a rather highly colored "story" of a Chicago broker who sought in vain, by personal canvass and advertisement, to find a farmer willing and competent to take charge of one hundred and sixty acres of land "over the line in Indiana," although he offered larger wages than the same kind of ability would command in the city, while a twenty-cent "ad" for a clerk in his city office brought a score of applicants who were waiting for him at his office next morning. The story points to a sad and serious truth. Apparently the only profession at the present time uncrowded is that of farming. In doors and out of doors the persistent cry is for more and better help, which cannot be commanded at any wages. In proportion as the boys and girls are educated in the country, in that proportion do they turn their backs on the farm, and statistics show that they do not always turn their faces to competency, much less to success. "Back to the soil" is the cry of poetry and of economics, but it is a cry to which there is meagre response in the hearts of the young men and women of America to-day. What is the matter? Wherein lies the remedy? No higher or more difficult economic problem presents itself to the educator and the statesman in America to-day than this.

We rejoice in the election of Prof. Edmund R. James to the Presidency of the Illinois State University. President James had a congenial position and a brilliant prospect in the University of Chicago, an institution backed by the uncounted millions of private wealth, and latterly a similar position in the Northwestern University, where the enthusiasm, devotion and well-proved generosity of the great Methodist church were back of him. But he has preferred to these the opportunity of working for an institution backed by the great commonwealth of Illinois, the noble climax of a great system of public schools. This

is the greatest opportunity, the freest field, the most inspiring task that the educational world can offer a man. We congratulate President James on his eminent promotion. The hope of civilization lies in the public school; we look for the time when young men and women will look to these great universities of the people as the most honorable as well as the most material of alma maters. Private schools and the privileges of universities established by private benevolence or sectarian enthusiasm offer but second class opportunities to those who seek to fit themselves for citizenship and who aspire to self-reliant, independent creative manhood and womanhood. We congratulate our friend, Dr. James, and the great State of Illinois over this happy union.

A long time and faithful friend of UNITY writes:

"As I am making a special study of socialism I need all the money I can spare to get literature along these special lines. I will ask you to discontinue my UNITY until it takes a clearly defined stand for socialism; then you may send me a sample and I will return it if I can raise the dollars. It has been a steadier to me for nearly twenty years."

We are sorry to part from an old reader, but resign ourselves to the situation. UNITY, that has laid by so many labels—theological and political—has no desire to take on a label, sociological or economic. In this field as in other fields mentioned we believe our contention holds true, that all labels are libels; at least they would be when pinned to UNITY and the spirit it represents. The socialistic label would misrepresent more than it would represent. It would exclude a larger truth than it includes. To wear it as a label would be to belie our own deepest spirit, which as yet is necessarily a method and not a conclusion; a feeling towards brotherhood rather than a dogmatic, economic scheme of brotherhood. Perhaps our friend will still need UNITY as a "steadier;" at least UNITY aims to be such to many readers. That we may better find the truth in conflicting schemes and work out the problems represented by such we prefer to be an independent on social as well as political and theological lines. Good bye, friend! Should you ever need us again we trust you will find us doing business at the old stand in the old spirit plus whatever new light and wisdom may have come.

The program of "The International Congresses of the Arts and Sciences," to be held in connection with the Exposition at St. Louis, lies before us. It is a handsomely printed quarto pamphlet of thirty-six pages, formidably academic in its appearance. The syllabus is divided into seven divisions and twenty-four departments. The divisions are entitled respectively, the Normative, Historical, Physical, Mental, Utilitarian Sciences, Social Regulation and Social Culture. Under the last division appear Education and Religion, Religion being subdivided into six sections, viz., General Religions, Education, Professional, Religious Education, Religious Agencies, Religious Work, Religious Influence Personal, and Religious Influence Social. The Chairman of the religious program is Bishop Vincent. Among the speakers we see the names of Professors King of Oberlin, Peabody of Harvard, Coe of the Northwestern, Cuthbert Hall of the Union Theological Seminary, Sanders of Yale, Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, Rev. Samuel L. Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, and Dr. Hirsch of Chicago. All this elaboration is to be packed into six days, viz., September 19th to 25th, inclusive. The scheme is an ambitious one; the central purpose, as set forth in this announcement, is "The unification of knowledge." It is doubtful whether such a scholastic exhibit will draw much of an audience or make much of an impression through the year, but the subsequent purpose of publishing the addresses and papers may give an interesting exhibit of these sciences and their development in the year 1904, A. D. Such a publication will be an interesting landmark to the historian one hundred years hence.

By the time this number of UNITY reaches our readers the vacation season will be fairly closed; the ministers will be back at their work and church activities will be assuming their wonted way. Whether the summer interregnum will prove an interruption or an acceleration of the life and work of the churches will largely depend on how the vacation was spent. The idle minister will find it harder than ever to go to work after his season of idleness; the diligent minister will come back to his work with purposes more clearly defined, with his work already advanced; he will find the old tasks awaiting him and he will take them up, not only with new courage but with higher skill. The city church in particular will find a changed constituency to a degree. The sermon-tasters will again be in evidence at the beginning of the season—those who during the summer months have made pious resolves to go to some church regularly, they are out in the months of September and October in search of a spiritual home. If they are wise they will not seek the church that is the greatest social attraction, but the church that holds to the highest ethical standards, stands for things unpopular, for difficult duties. The minister in these opening months will be reminded by certain busy elements in the parish that if he calls here and smiles there he may catch this family and that. But if the minister is wise he will bend his energies to the old high tasks of preaching the truth and of applying the same; the task of making his church a center of life, radiating helpfulness and calling for disinterestedness. The modern church is on trial for its life, and it will be allowed to live in proportion as it stands for morality and religion as interpreted by the growing needs, the enlarging thought, and the purest lives of humanity.

The representatives of the American Audubon Society have come to a special agreement with the Milliner Merchants' Protective Association of New York, which is regarded as a triumph for the Society. According to this contract the milliner merchants agree not to import, manufacture or sell the plumage of gulls, terns, grebes, humming birds or song birds.

The merchants further agree to notify the retail merchants that it is illegal to use such plumage and that they will help prosecute such violators. On January 1st, 1905, American pelicans, aigrettes and herons are to come under a similar contract. On the other side, the Audubon Society agrees not to object to the making or sale of "fancy feathers" from the plumage of domestic fowls or foreign birds other than those in the list. Many of the friends of birds are jubilant over this triumph, but it is rather a grim satisfaction to the moralist to find that even this question of ethics, social sentiment and artistic feeling have been reduced to cold commercialism on a business transaction. The tradesmen have at last struck a bargain by which they agree not to do certain bad things in which there is money in order to be free to do certain other things which may also be bad, in which there is more money. And furthermore, it is a grewsome comment on the bird-wearing gender of the genus homo. This gender having proved obdurate to the ethical appeal, the passion for feathers proving invincible to the moral appeal, is now circumvented by cutting off the supply by contract and by law. The only birds mentioned are the gulls, terns, grebes, humming birds, herons and aigrettes, with the added vague classification of "song birds." Who is to define a song bird, and where is the line to be drawn? But the friends of the birds, those who believe in the sanctity of life and the unity of nature, may well take heart over this triumph over commercial diplomacy and push on the work of spiritual education.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature.

Our editorial on "The Passing of the Chautauqua Circles" published a few weeks ago has called forth the spirited and somewhat explosive response from our associate, Mr. Powell, which we publish in another column. We rejoice in the brother's daring prophecy and believe with him that we are on the eve of a great awakening, of a splendid enlargement of our public school system. The fast time limits of from nine to four, five days in the week and nine months in the year, and the equally fast age limits of from four to twenty, are to be blurred, the school house will become an intellectual center and the school teachers and the school board will become conscious guardians of public intelligence, instruments by which the whole community is to be unified and stimulated on intellectual and social lines. Meanwhile we cannot regard the lyceum lecture system as yet wholly dead, and the Chautauqua circles or some substitute for the same in the way of social classes, self-directed, must continue.

Apropos with this one more method at popular instruction we publish the following announcement sent out by the American Institute of Sacred Literature for biblical instruction by correspondence. Like all of the work fostered by Dr. Harper of the Chicago University, it is highly elaborated, and, to the outsider at least, seems to have a complexity of instrumentalities. It has its Council of Seventy and the letter head says that it offers six outline study courses, fifteen professional reading courses, ten Sunday-school teachers' training courses, four correspondence courses in Hebrew, three correspondence courses in New Testament Greek, nine advanced correspondence courses in the English Bible. The executive office is at the University of Chicago, and Georgia L. Chamberlain is the executive Secretary. The present writer cannot speak from personal examination as to the quality of any one of these courses, but UNITY's interest on these lines leads us to cheerfully acquiesce to the request of the Executive Secretary, Georgia L. Chamberlain, to give room to this last official statement:

The opportunities offered by the American Institute of Sacred Literature this year will appeal to ministers, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and others having in charge the religious education of either children or adults.

There is a constantly increasing desire on the part of the general public to know what scholarship says about the Bible, and at the same time a feeling of hesitation lest some of the fundamental conceptions necessary to one who would keep the Bible as his guide in the religious life be destroyed by the investigations of scholarship. The fact that those fundamental conceptions are infinitely strengthened and verified by scholarship is one that should be proclaimed from every pulpit and by every teacher. But this can be confidently done only when ministers and teachers become so familiar with the results of investigation that they experience for themselves the energy and fortification of convictions which come from the reenforcement of the highest conceptions of Christian living through the study of the Bible by modern methods.

The Institute offers to its constituents this year forty-six courses of study, varying in degree of difficulty and expense from the simple elementary outline courses to the most advanced correspondence courses.

In its outline study courses, which have already been followed by sixty thousand persons, an important change is made this year. These courses have formerly been conducted by means of study bulletins mailed monthly to the students. They are now issued only in bound form, each course in a separate volume. The Principal's monthly letters have been retained in the volume, and the study material is presented exactly as before, as are also the review questions. Duplicate question sheets, to be returned for credit and certificate, will be provided as before when desired. It is expected that the improved form, permitting as it does the survey of the whole work from the beginning, will add greatly to the convenience and popularity of the courses.

The fee (fifty cents) for membership and material is increased only by a charge of four cents for postage on the volume. The subjects in the outline series are: "The Life of the Christ," a study of the material contained in the four gospels; "The Foreshadowings of the Christ," a study of Old Testament history and prophecy with special reference to the development of the Messianic ideal; "The Founding of the Christian Church," a study of Acts and the Epistles in their historic relation; "The Work of the Old Testament Sages," a simply study of the ethics and the philosophy of the sages as presented in the work of the prophets, and in the books of Job, the Song of Songs, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes; "The Social and Ethical Teaching of Jesus," a study of the teaching of Jesus especially relating it to modern times; "The Work of the Old Testament Priests," a study of the history of worship in the Old Testament.

The most important new departure of the institute is in the addition of the Sunday-school teacher-training courses, recently announced. The subjects offered are: "An Introduction to the Bible for Teachers of Children," (2) "An Introduction to the Bible for Teachers of Young People and Adults," (3) "The Adaptation of the Fundamental Principles of Psychology and Pedagogy to Sunday-school Teaching," (4) "A Rapid Survey of the Life of Christ," (5) "A Rapid Survey of the Life of Paul," (6) "A Rapid Survey of Old Testament History," (7) "A Preview of the International Lessons for 1904-5," (8) "Kindergarten Principles and their Adaptation to Primary Work," (9) "The Organization and Administration of the Sunday-school," and (10) "A Preview of The Bible Study Union Lessons for 1904-5."

Students are at work in the first two and the eighth of these subjects, with great pleasure and satisfaction. These pupils vary in degree of attainment and experience, from the graduate of a Bible Training School, to the young woman with no experience as yet who is simply aiming to teach in the Sunday-school "when she is equipped for it." It is without doubt true that the courses, involving as they do rapid read-

ing of large portions of biblical material, reference to such books as are available, a weekly written recitation, and a report upon some original work, demand more of the student teacher than any training courses in the field. But it is equally true that they are proportionately more valuable from an educational point of view. No school can better spend its money than by paying the small tuition fee—five dollars—for one teacher each year, and adding a few good reference books to its library for the use of this teacher and others.

A great obstacle to the progress of the Institute work lies in the fact that it has no endowment and consequently an insufficient income to enable it to advertise extensively. It is therefore necessary to enlist in the service of promotion the friends of the work. All such who read these pages are urged to equip themselves with printed matter by application to the headquarters of the Institute (Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.), and to circulate such matter freely among their friends and others whom they wish to interest in the opportunities offered.

The Public School as a Social Center; a Prophecy.

I notice in your issue of the 18th that you express regret at the passage of Chautauqua Circles. Looking over a life of over seventy years, I recall nothing of that sort to be regretted. Everything fulfills its mission, and dies when its work is done. The worst thing we can be about is to try to make anything outlive its utility. The Lyceum Lecture System arose, flourished, died;—happy death—because it meant that lyceum teachings meant progress—itself had taught us to let it die easily with the past. Then came Chautauqua. I remember talking with Bishop Vincent, in a sleeping car, the year before he started the movement. It was in his head. It was just broad enough to make its death necessary. We are ready for something better. Where shall we find it? In a new, great, deep, thorough educational upheaval of the whole public school system. The common school is fortunately so constructed as to be always on the road—progressive and forward looking. It has hardly begun its evolution. The collegiate system is almost absorbed in the university above and in the common school below—yielding two years each way. And now the National University, which is to crown all the rest of the American system, is in sight. Within five years the town graded schools will have completely swept the district schools out of existence. Their buildings will be planted in the middle of large areas, of five or ten acres; half a day will be given to study indoors, and the other half to applied studies out of doors. Instead of cramping our children into patent seats, eight or ten hours a day, without permission to whisper, we shall encourage the most complete natural development of body and mind together—and we shall understand how to guide the art of expression rather than suppress it. Industrial education is fast getting its grip on the whole system, and routing old medievalism, which unfortunately was not permitted to die in due time. Meanwhile the school buildings will become centers of social life; where adults as well as children will be educated all their lives. Lectures, concerts, night schools, amusements, and finally religious services will all be centered at the schoolhouse. We shall then have less need for Chautauquas, and other supplementary annexes.

The old fashioned church also wants to die; and half of Christendom has been busy these many years trying to galvanize it into a semblance of life. Better let it die, and in its humus grow something better. The Nineteenth Century, with all its advance and achievements, was cursed with these efforts to make dead things survive—a tariff against free internationalism, and Calvinism against the free good will of growing humanity. The new commerce is a good will commerce (on earth good will to men). The new church is a church of this world; a church of more bread and butter for everybody, and more peaches and cream—as well as more honor and truth and faithfulness in handiwork. Let the dead bury their dead while the living grow finer gardens in the loam of decay. Roll up your old Oxford gowns, and make pillows for the Past to sleep on. E. P. Powell.

Our Tower Hill Letter.

"What do you do to fill up the time after the Summer School closes? The Tower Hill letters which I read every week disclose nothing of tea-fights, progressive card parties or dances. Isn't it rather dull?"

This extract from a letter of a city-chained sister sets one to thinking as one sits on top of "Pike's Peak," this bright Sunday morning, and with many a glance at the exquisite picture spread out below, tries to realize where this last week of this "heavenly summer" (to quote an enthusiastic visitor) has gone.

I think there is an impression in the minds of some people that we of Tower Hill do not understand the art of resting, that perhaps the strenuousness of some dominant minds does not encourage repose of body. Never was a more mistaken idea. Our Tower Hill folk are mighty good judges of beds, and have a strong appreciation for a good hammock. Also, as the years go on, we become acquainted with each other's habits and tastes, and learn when and how long to leave each other alone, and so we get in many beautiful, quiet mornings, many self-entertained afternoons and *every* long, quiet, blessed night, few of us ever hearing 10 o'clock strike, or stirring before the 7 o'clock bell in the morning.

And, all the time, there is plenty going on to keep the muscles, mental and physical, from becoming stiff for want of use.

The common meeting in the Dining Hall three times a day, with the good feeling engendered by good feeling, would, if there were nothing else, save our brains and risibles from stagnation; but there is something else, there are many somethings else. There are the long rides behind horses that move slowly enough to give you a chance to see all the beauty by the way, and make no objection to standing while you pick the wild flowers and fruits that so abound this year. From one brief trip a party brought home wild plums, cherries, elder berries, blackberries, grapes, and crabs, to say nothing of the gift of a big basket of harvest apples.

And if the rides are fine, the walks are better. Perhaps one day it is a tramp of several miles to secure a choice variety which is lacking from the little fern beds started by members of the science class, all over the Hill, as attachments to cottages. Several of these already have as many as twelve or fifteen kinds, but these enthusiastic gardeners must go to Phœbe Point, because there only can they get the Ostrich fern.

Again, Miss Hatherell thinks she knows the haunt of the walking fern, a great curiosity, and after two excursions covering many miles she returns triumphant with a number of fine specimens.

Our photographer-in-chief, Mr. Olmstead, leads a party down into the marshes toward Sugar-Loaf, seeking subjects for pictures and comes back minus his watch, and of course a searching party must be

organized to find it—and finds it reposing softly among the long grass just where he set his tripod to photograph the luxurious bunch of long-leaved marsh lilies, four hours before by the same watch.

Then the Hillside Home School is just a nice walking distance, and its beautiful buildings, lovely outlook and hearty welcome make it a favorite point of destination.

Then again, at this latter end of the season, nearly all those who are left on the Hill are residents in their own summer homes, and to keep tidied up, and beautify and add improving touches to our doll-houses and their out-door adornments, is a joy forever to our proud cottagers, each of whom, beyond question of doubt, possesses the prettiest place on the Hill.

As to intellectual and moral stimulant, that never fails. The week began with afternoon service in the little chapel in the "Peaceful Valley," with a farewell sermon by the genial Welsh cousin of all the Joneses, T. R. Lloyd Jones, of Liverpool.

At the vesper service our own Mr. Jones gave us a glimpse of the nobler Kipling, through two of his latest published poems, "The Wage Slaves," and "Buddha at Kamakura." These were followed with bits from Jane Barlow, Catherine Tynan Hinckson, Frances Wynne, Moira O'Neill, W. B. Yeats and "E. A.," all of whom are among those we have learned to love. From Howard S. Taylor also—a Chicago lawyer who came out of the ranks of the Baptist ministry—we had "The Man With the Musket," and "The Soldier of Peace." After long experience we generally expect a tid-bit to close with and on this occasion we were not disappointed. Mr. Jones read and asked us to guess the name of the poet who wrote this bit, entitled

HER INSIGNIFICANCE.

His father, so they say,
Was famous in his day—
What did his mother do?
His father helped to stump the state
For Grant in 1868—
What did his mother do?
She merely watched him day and night,
She merely kept him headed right,
And went on praying that he might
Some day be brave and good and great—
That's all his mother did.

His father, it is said,
Possessed a level head—
What did his mother have?
His father was no common clod
Intended but to tote a hod—
What was his mother, though?
Oh, she was merely one who taught
Her son that vices must be fought,
That sin is in each evil thought,
That virtues pave the way to God—
That's all his mother was.

It had a familiar swing to some of us, so we were not much surprised when Mr. Jones added, "It is worth some trouble to keep your eye on the 'Poet's Corner' of the newspaper, and if you do you will once in a while catch something that has a lot of meat in it, and very likely you will find it signed by S. E. Kiser, as this is."

So the week was well begun and the intellectual fires were kept alight by readings from George Eliot's "Armgart" and "The Spanish Gypsy," by Mr. Jones, and by little afternoon gatherings to pick up the best and highest things in Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," in preparation for the winter's work in the Novel Section of All Soul's Church, Chicago.

And the week made a grand finish, how—do you think?

Our proposed political symposium in which all political parties were invited to participate, choosing their own day and taking possession of the Hill for their own purposes, was brought to a close with a good old-fashioned Democratic rally, bringing out a very fair number, considering how largely Republican this state is.

It seems a far cry from George Eliot's philosophy of self-renunciation to the ordinary Democratic campaign speech, but Mr. Jones touched the button that made the connection when he said in opening the meeting, "It becomes this Emerson pavilion, built in the open, to encourage open, frank exchange of thought on all vital questions. I offer a non-partisan welcome. Tower Hill stands for non-partisanship in politics and non-sectarianism in religion. You Democrats have squatted on the biggest word in the dictionary—you have got either to prove up or move off."

So young "Van" Evans of Baraboo and the Hon. Burr Jones of Madison tried to "prove up" and made some good speeches in which they handled the issues of "the Tariff" and "Imperialism" without gloves, both plainly showing, however, that in the State of Wisconsin, at this juncture, the question of La Folletteism burns with a deeper fire than any national issue.

So another week has slipped by, and we begin to ask each other, "When must you leave the Hill? Wouldn't you love to stay and see how the October frosts will paint these hills and valleys?"

ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

Tower Hill, Sept. 3, 1904.

To the Heroic Soul.

Be strong, O warring soul! For very sooth
Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,
And only that persists which is the truth:
Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
And fury and are hot with toil and strain;
Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain;
Dream the great dream that buoys thine age with youth.

Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave;
He, poised in darkness with victorious wings,
Keeps night between the granite and the sea,
Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave,
Then, from the portal where the ripple sings,
He bursts into the boundless morning,—free!

—Duncan Campbell Scott, in the September Atlantic.

The Goldenrod.

This flower is fuller of the sun
Than any our pale North can show;
It has the heart of August won,
And scatters wide the warmth and glow
Kindled at summer's midnoon blaze,
Where gentians of September bloom,
Along October's leaf-strewn ways,
And through November's paths of gloom.

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets
Gay bonfires blazing round the fields;
Rich autumn pays in gold its debts
For tenancy that summer yields.
Beauty's slow harvest now comes in;
And promise with fulfillment won;
The heart's vast hope does but begin,
Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes
Like a great army's stir and wave;
Because its gold in billows blooms,
The poor man's barren walks to lave;
Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
How souls receive the light of God,
And unto earth give back that glow—
I thank him for the golden-rod.

—Lucy Larcom.

THE PULPIT.

Anti-Democratic Tendencies in American Life.

AN ADDRESS BY FELIX ADLER IN THE ETHICAL RECORD FOR JULY, 1904.

When I speak of "Anti-Democratic Tendencies in American Life," I mean aristocratic or oligarchical, not monarchical tendencies. Any attempt to go back to monarchy would be absurd. Nevertheless, oligarchical tendencies already exist in our midst and are getting stronger and stronger. I do not speak as an alarmist or as a pessimist; I do not say that we cannot overcome these tendencies; but I do say frankly, tearing aside the mask, that we may be able to see things straight—as they are—and not to deceive ourselves with names: *already, under the forms of democracy, actual oligarchy has developed in this country.* It has sometimes happened that in a Republic the outward forms of liberty have been kept up; and that the people have been fooled for centuries, because, these outward forms being intact, they have been led to believe that nothng is changed, while the heart is already eaten out of the old freedom. Things have not yet come to such a pass in America, but the time has come when it behooves us to reflect upon the actual drift of things.

Consider for a moment what is the right and what is the wrong view of democracy? For I believe that all our evils, especially the rise of the oligarchical tendency, are due to a false conception of democracy; and that the cure must be the substituting of a true conception for this false one. Now, what is the right and what is the wrong conception of democracy?

The wrong conception I believe to be the prevailing one. A democracy—people say—is a government in which all men are equal; and the object of it is the welfare of every individual; and by welfare they generally understand what they call happiness; and by happiness they generally understand material enrichment. So it comes to this: that the general conception of democracy is, a form of government in which all men are equal, and the object of which is to make everybody rich as far as possible. That is the real sense of what most people mean when they speak of universal happiness. Furthermore, democracy, in their eyes, is a sort of minimum government, the least possible government; whose purpose is to guarantee a sort of negative control, to guarantee the life and liberty of its citizens, and what they call the pursuit of happiness. This sort of democracy says to this government, "Hands off, if you please! Let me alone as much as you can. I want to get rich. You exist in order to make the conditions for me to get rich in." A despicable, a base, a degrading conception of democracy! No wonder that it has borne such fruits as it has!

My criticism of this view—and it is the prevailing view—is twofold. In the first place, it would only be saved from being despicable and mean, if it were true that all men are equal. Thomas Jefferson and the other great democrats proclaimed this view, but their conception of democracy had dignity and elevation, because it was founded on the real existence of equality among men.

But now the great difficulty is that this condition of equality among men does not exist to-day. It did approximately exist in the days of Jefferson for a short while, but that time quickly passed in America. Now our industrial system is becoming more and more complex. The movement to the cities is accelerating. We have now ten millions of negroes—a backward race—whom yet we must treat as citizens; and the tide of foreign immigration has brought in inequalities of every conceivable kind. Nothing is more patent than the inequalities among our people—inequality in race, in nationality, in intellectual development, and, above all, inequality in fortune. Before the Civil War, we are told there were only three millionaires in the United States; at present, it is estimated that there are four thousand of them here. On the one side we have this vast accumulation of fortune; on the other hand the gathering of a black sediment of pauperism in the slums of the city, with all the menace which that implies. In a condition of things in which inequality is the most startling fact, the old statement that the end of government is prosperity of the individual becomes a source of the most grievous moral aberration. It was consistent with social ideals, with moral conceptions, only so long as the general equality approximately existed. In a society in which inequality is the most striking feature, the old doctrine of Thomas Jefferson leads to the very opposite goal from that to which it was intended to lead. In such a state of society we must frankly recognize inequality; we must not start our democratic creed by saying, "All men are created equal"; because it is not so, and the facts belie it. Democracy must approve itself in an *unequal* society. There is the test, the touchstone—whether it is adequate to the conditions of a complex and unequal society. If democracy is to last, we must change its formula, change our conception of the end of democratic government, and say, *not the prosperity of the individual, not the individualistic aim, is the object of government, but the social aim. The conception of democracy must be socialized, if it is to be saved.*

In other words, in an unequal society the true democrat is not he who says that the end for which government exists is my prosperity and the prosperity of all these other individuals; but the true democrat is he who sees in democracy a new chance for the lower orders of mankind, who sees that the essence of democracy is not the starting with equality, but on the contrary, the recognition of inequality, and that the object and aim of democracy is to make the unequal more equal, to make the unfit more fit; that is, recognizing initial unfitness to make the inefficient more efficient. The true democracy is that in which the strong spend themselves on the weak; in which the intelligent give of their intelligence to the unintelligent; in which the efficient serve the inefficient in order to make them efficient; in which men of independent thought and political ripeness think it their highest duty and privilege to go to the unripe and the politically immature and help them to ripen.

The old Jeffersonian democratic formula is based on the falsehood that men are equal; the formula which I suggest to you, on the contrary, is based on the recognition of the fact that men are not equal, and that the duty and function of democracy is just that of making them equal or more equal. In other words, democracy is one of the most powerful challenges, from this point of view, for promoting humanitarian progress, promoting the ideal of social betterment.

In the democracy in which pauperism exists on the one hand and great and glaring colossal fortunes on the other, liberty cannot exist. Such a democracy is bound to go down. Not actual numerical, mathematical equality of fortunes is needed; but a certain kind of social equality, a certain approximation to social equality, is the condition of the permanence of democratic institutions. And because that is so, therefore we have the hope that the love of country and the love of political liberty will be the means of bringing about a closer approximation to social equality,

because it will be perceived that our country cannot endure, our institutions cannot last, unless we become active social workers, social reformers.

Now, enough of this abstract discussion. My main point is before you: the false democracy is that which says that the individual is the aim and the reason for government. The true democracy says that, not the individual, but the social order—social well-being and not individual well-being—is the aim. The false democracy is that which assumes that all men are already equal; the true democracy is that which says that democracy is the instrument toward making them more and more equal. There is a difference as between the poles between these two conceptions.

And now let me proceed to some illustrations to show how this false democracy has led us backward along the paths that lead to oligarchy. For instance, in the political field, there is the great fact which no one denies, and which yet we seem to bear so patiently, that already the power to choose our rulers and, to a large extent, the positive power of making our laws, has slipped from our hands. Why is it that American citizens endure it? Why is it that we permit two kinds of oligarchies to combine and take the power out of our hands, the political oligarchy called "the boss" and the commercial and industrial oligarchy called "the monopolist"—these two supporting each other and bringing it about that the people no longer nominate their candidates, but have only the choice of selecting between the candidates of the rival oligarchies? And secondly, why is it that the people do not directly make laws, but have only a certain moderating influence, and that in fact, these great powerful corporate interests, the oligarchy called "the political boss" and the oligarchy called "the monopolist" are able to write upon the statute books, to a very large extent, the laws which are intended to reinforce and to conform and to perpetuate their oligarchical power?

"Call a spade a spade," and then see to what a pass we have come. True, there is the power of the American people, of which we hear so much, to rise in its majesty and might and sweep these oligarchies from their places; and there is also the power in these oligarchies, after they have been swept away, to creep back to their places, as they always do. The great freedom, the great power which we exercise as a free people, consists largely in the fact that we have kept a way open through frequent elections to punish the public enemy. From time to time there are great explosions of the public wrath, great upheavals to punish and repress; so that we may say that our government has become an oligarchy tempered by popular uprisings.

And yet how stupid we are! How hot we get over these candidates which the rival oligarchies force upon us! How blindly we go to the polls, as if we were exercising the rights of free citizens, when we are only exercising a repressive and moderating force upon an oligarchical power which is really ruling us! But why do we tolerate it? Because the end and aim of government is to get rich; because we are too busy trying to get rich, too busy attending to our business therefore, to give attention to the public business. We give spasmodic attention to it, and then we turn to the real interests of life, *our* interests; and therefore, at the bottom of our hearts, we do not take it so very much amiss that these gentlemen who undertake to rule us should also seek to attain what is the true end of life—enrichment, though it be by somewhat crooked means.

It is a great help to have a principle taken out of vagueness and writ clearly before one's eyes. If this statement could be published as a headline in every newspaper for a year, if it could be put on walls as they put up such statements on the walls of European cities sometimes—"The object of democracy is for the citizens of it to get rich,"—perhaps this bold and outrageous statement might sufficiently shock the people to produce the effect of a popular reaction. Perhaps if we thus saw our democratic creed in its nakedness, we should become ashamed of it. We gloss it over; we say "Liberty" and what-not; but what many of us mean is just this, "Hands off, government! as little government as you please. The object of democracy is to enable me to get rich." And the fruit of this sort of democracy is oligarchy; because, after all, some people are quicker and more clever in getting rich than others; and if the race is equally open to the athlete and the child, it is not likely that the child will win. So we have the athletes winning in the race, and the children are being distanced; and yet the children are made to believe that the race is equal to all, because the race-course is open to all.

But there are two far more important instances, to which I must hasten on. One is the rise of imperialism in the United States as a sign of the aristocratic point of view. This came upon us over night. The people at first, in a dazed, groping, uncertain sort of way, stared at the new thing, the new policy, hardly understanding it; by and by they became used to it, and in a dumb sort of way, I fancy, they have accepted it.

The chief reason why we are asked to go on with this new policy of adventure is that we are to cut a figure in the world. We are not to take a seat in the rear any longer; we are to be in the front; we are to take part in the struggle for the mastery of the Pacific, for the dominion of the world; as if the dominion of the world consisted in land-grabbing and in subjecting the brown man and the yellow man and the black man so as to make him toil for us like a human beast, under the pretense of bearing the "white man's burden," throwing the white man's burden upon him—the brown man and the yellow man—as if that were what is called securing the dominion of the world!

We are like the Israelites of old. They had the great prophet, and they had a great revelation, even the moral law that flamed from Sinai; but they were not content. They looked around, and saw other nations around them groveling before idols of stone and idols of gold which their own hands had made, and they said, "Why can't we be like the other nations? Why can't we, too, have the gods of stone and of gold like the nations which surround us? Go to, let us form ourselves gods of gold like the nations which surround us." And they forgot the God of Righteousness, who had chosen them for his own. So we are saying, "Let us, too, have the gods of commerce and gods of empire like the nations that surround us; let us, too, bow before these idols"; and we forget the God of Righteousness, that has chosen us for his own. * * *

I found my hope for the future of the country on the conviction that this blinding storm of imperialism will pass, and that manhood and strength will rise in majestic proportions on this continent. When we have men like Mayor Ames, of Minneapolis, there will always be men like Clarke, of Minneapolis, to meet the emergency and cure the disease. But if there is to be such a fulfillment, I warn you that we must ourselves be active, because the most fatal mistake we could make is to suppose that there is any fatalism in the destiny of nations, that we are fore-ordained to a good end by Providence or Fate. We are not. Our destiny rests with us, for good or ill; and whether the better destiny will be ours or not, depends, in my opinion, altogether upon whether the false view of democracy can be extruded and the right view take

its place: the false view, which is that the individual and his prosperity are the aim, and that men are already equal; a view which leads to oligarchy in politics, to gathering with the aristocracies of Europe, to the rise of imperialism, and to the attempt to utilize and to abuse the brown race or the yellow race—these are the fruits of the false view. In its place we must have the true view—that men are not equal as yet, but that democracy is a means of making them equal; that democracy is a great new outlook and hope for the disinherited of this world; that it is a means of challenging the strong to spend themselves on the weak, the efficient on the inefficient, the ripe upon the immature.

Let us then do what we can to instil this view—this true view of democracy—among the people, in the schools, in the colleges, in the universities, and on the public platform—that our people may be baptized anew, baptized in the social spirit of democracy. And then, too, will come to pass what the imperialists have dreamed of—but ignobly dreamed of—that we shall rule in the world; that we shall have dominion in the world; but in the only sense in which such rule and such dominion is desirable, namely, in the hearts and in the respect and admiration of men, because of the justice and the sublimity and the truth and the humanity of the ideals for which, as a nation, we stand. Then it will come to pass that we shall be like a city that is set upon a hill, whose light will penetrate far and wide; that we shall be like those who cultivate a sweet garden, the garden of Liberty, whose fragrance will be wafted to the ends of the earth.

FELIX ADLER.

A Vision of Peace.

Fitly one dies for his country, sweet is the death she bestows;
Glad is the red field of battle, gayly the bright trumpet blows;
Forth as a bride to her bridegroom Death to the warrior goes.

Bitter the long life of duty seeking no laurels nor pay,
Striving with foes of the Nation grasping her honor as prey,
Glanced at askance by his fellows, walking the long, narrow way.

Gallant the charge and the onslaught cheering together to go;
Silent and lonely the warfare 'gainst an insidious foe:
Glory and death are the soldier's; hatred and life others know.

Fighting America's battles whether by land or by sea,
Who could be less than a hero under that Flag of the Free?
Read of, and cherish, and love them—such are the men all would be.

Treason is death in the army, death's for the enemy's spy:
Think you no André nor Arnold dwells within sight of your eye?
Perfidy to great ideals, that you must strike till you die!

Vigilance, ceaseless, eternal, ever was Liberty's price:
If you are slaves 't was your fathers left you to slavish device;
Would you make slaves of your children? Sleep for a time—'t will suffice.

Truth is the right of your country: Lie, and she lies to your grief;
Honor, and that is your country's: Bribe, and you bribe her as lief;
Honesty, that is your country's: Thieve, and she, too, is a thief.

Too much the world thinks on Dives: Hearken to Lazarus, too—
All of his sores are his country's: Heal them if you would be true—
Heal them, or share an infection you and your children must rue.

Never was minted a dollar equal in worth to a tear,
Never success worth the having gained through another soul's fear:
Smiles mark the highway to triumph when a man's title is clear.

Still at the eye of the needle Selfishness struggles his fill.
No man may serve God and Mammon: Love—Love alone—is God's will.
Scourged were the changers of money—Greed stands the root of all ill.

No end can justify evil—Piety, Culture and State
Stand as accursed for ever, else on Jehovah must wait;
Think you for "civilization" God will His Justice abate?

Dear is the thought of the Nation; dearer is Freedom to me;
Dearest of all through the ages, Truth, that alone makes us free:
Verity, Liberty, Country, grant us their union to see!

Plant high the Cross on the hill-top, thither in humbleness strive!
Offer no children to Mammon—luxury lets no man thrive;
Feed not our bravest to Moloch—must the unfittest survive?

Ever is war deed for savage, born of the ancestral taint.
Slay? So do beasts that shall perish: Where is Man's godlike restraint?
Leave them their teeth and their talons; leave him the fight of the saint!

Brave are the victors in combat; brave were the conquered as well.
Valor sits close by the dying; valor the living, too, spell.
Courage far finer than carnage Peace, serene, smiling can tell.

Beaten our swords into ploughshares, fortresses turned into schools,
Cavalry tilling the prairie, infantry busy with tools,
Navies deep laden with bounty—thus fair America rules.

Throughout the breadth of the Union happiness all the day long,
Ever a Hope for the nations, everywhere music and song,
Always our Stars the World's Conscience, Stripes against tyrants and Wrong.

Day of Good Will, speed your coming! Justice and Mercy, increase!
Love for the loveless, grow mighty! Hate for the hatefullest, cease!
So shall Man win his last battle led by the Christ who is Peace.

—*Wallace Rice, in The Commons.*

Thoughts on the Grand Army Reunion.

Boston has just welcomed the Grand Army of the Republic, and with such enthusiasm, so the grateful veterans said, as was never known before. The peace propagandist rejoices in that welcome. Only one whose judgment is perverted could have gazed without a feeling of gratitude and reverence upon that marching throng with tattered banners which, with halting steps, bravely tried to keep their line and hold their whitening heads as high as when, two score years ago, they first called each other comrades. Twenty-five thousand only—yet it took five hours to see them pass. Only twenty-five thousand, yet the records say the killed and wounded at Gettysburg alone were over 23,000 Federals and 31,000 Confederates. How many of those who looked and blithely cheered, whose memory brought them back no nearer Gettysburg than Bunker Hill, could conjure up the picture of these marching men, if, when night fell, instead of strolling beneath myriad colored lights to the music of the fountain in the Gardens, these very men, each one, lay stark and stiff in bloody heaps or groaning helpless in the muck and mire beside the open ditches, where men were throwing the mangled bodies of friends with whom they slept last night? Who can conceive the total of agony if to each one of those marching thousands a splintered shell or bullet had come tearing its way through the sensitive, throbbing mechanism? It is because no new, ignorant generation can ever realize this, that war still exists. "I talked with many of my old comrades," said one of General Thomas' men to me, "when the Spanish war was imminent and not one of them wanted war. Only the young, who had never seen a battle, who

knew the soldier only as he marches on parade, were eager for a fight."

A Boston clergyman, chaplain of a G. A. R. regiment, on the Sunday previous, preached a sermon called forth by the protest of a lady who wrote:

"I am surprised that you, a minister of the gospel, should belong to a military organization, and give your aid and encouragement to keeping alive the memories of war and bloodshed. How do you reconcile your position with that of the Prince of Peace, who said: 'They who take the sword shall perish by the sword'? I enclose some extracts and speeches for your perusal. The sentiments of these authors, it seems to me, ought to be yours."

The newspaper records that the preacher "took up the challenge extended by the letter and the extracts, the latter of which included arguments by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, epigrams by Victor Hugo, and poetry by Longfellow, whose forecast of a time when "the warrior's name would be a name abhorred," called forth the preacher's vigorous protest.

"Shall we say this," asked he, "of the thousands of veterans who are to be with us during the coming week? We feel that this wholesale denunciation of the soldier is not just. Hundreds of thousands of people cannot be laboring under any such terrible delusion. Don't we have wars because we feel that there is something better, nobler, than the mere accumulation of money, of property—something more worth saving than life itself, and that something justice, honor, right?"

A few words of comment seemed needed both as to the critic and the preacher criticized. The practical promoter of any reform has often cause to regret that his coadjutors are sometimes unwittingly real hindrances of the reform. The peace propaganda, like others, has not escaped contumely and derision because some of its advocates had more zeal than discretion. No one can be the keeper of another's conscience; denunciation altogether seldom converts. Moreover, I wish to say for myself, since my own name has been thus publicly used, that I see very clearly how it is possible for a follower of Christ to be a chaplain in the G. A. R. There are more fundamental words even than "peace," and one of these is justice. If war at any past period in history could alone have achieved justice, it is probable that it would not have been condemned even by Christ, though the often misused episode of his driving out the money changers gives no evidence one way or the other. The slaves might all have been bought and set free for but a fraction of what the awful four-year struggle cost. But the majority of the soldier boys, barely eighteen, who obeyed the call to arms to keep our country one and undivided were not responsible for the situation in which they found our nation. They could not buy the slaves. The time had passed, and whether the judgment of a century hence will be that more good would have been gained if secession succeeded and had made two nations and then, in consequence, four or eight or forty-five, whenever any state chose to break the Union, we will not here discuss. But this a peace propagandist may believe—the boys of '61 went to battle against their brethren with a far nobler purpose than most soldiers ever had before or since in any land. To preach the gospel to these veterans and bury them reverently when they fall is worthy a Christian advocate of peace.

There are two painful thoughts about all the celebration. One is that to the new generation war means so little, and only the glamor and glory, the badges, and the music make long impression. And the other is the muddled thoughts and sophistry that becloud men's memory and vision, which confound the ideals and purposes of the nation at its best with the nation at its worst and teach our boys that it was the "same patriotism" which led our hosts against red-coats and gray-coats and Mexicans and Malays. The individual soldier may be as brave and innocent in a war of conquest and aggression as he who fights for liberty or union, but it is disastrous for a people, after a moral downfall, to deceive the rising generation with flattering fiction about it.

Poets as well as prophets should be quoted, not piecemeal but "in connection." Would that every school boy in the land could know by heart Longfellow's poem of "The Arsenal at Springfield."

"The Warrior's name would be a name abhorred" comes after the noble stanza:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error
There would be no need of arsenals and forts."

Never did ancient Hebrew utter a truer prophecy. But it is prophecy, and does not apply indiscriminately to the age before the printing press or steamboat or arbitration court. Once war was bound to come, for no substitute for it had been provided, though nine-tenths of all wars have been needless, wicked, and the result of childish folly. More and more is war becoming intolerable. The gratitude that we give to men who fought to save the Union will probably never be deserved again by any other American soldiers, though they may fight with the same valor. With the Hague Court already established, with an International Advisory Congress to codify international law to be established in the near future, with a new general arbitration treaty being signed between two or more nations every month, with the frightful multiplication of war expenditure and the complexity of commercial interests, justifiable war between Christian nations is already at an end. Next winter, Congress is to be memorialized by the the Interparliamentary Union, now meeting at St. Louis, to call an international conference to consider proportionate disarmament. It is high time for all who pray for justice to be as strenuous in promoting these definite, practical measures towards it as they have been in honoring the survivors of the great tragedy of the nation's past. We do well to cheer the veterans, but let us no less heartily welcome the men and women who shall gather in Boston the first week in October to the Peace Congress to promote a campaign of education on rational, practical work for peace. Such men as Secretary Hay, Andrew D. White, Oscar S. Straus, Sir John Macdonell, and a score of members of European Parliaments, who are coming, are not visionaries, they are practical men; they are statesmen. They are men who know what the commanding cause of the future is. The words that they shall speak we shall do well to heed. LUCIA AMES MEAD.

The Mother.

She was so tired of toil, of everything,
Save loving those who needed all her love!
Her heart was like the golden heart of spring
When white clouds sail above.

Autumn of life and tears were hers, and yet
She sang and loved and gladdened us the while;
Nor storms, nor snow could make her once forget
Young April's radiant smile.

She was so weary; but we never guessed
How weary, till she smiled at set of sun,
And whispered, as she drifted into rest—
"My loving now is done."

"Tired of all save loving." Let this be
The epitaph inscribed where now she lies.
Time shall not hide the words, nor memory
The love-look of her eyes. —*Exchange.*

Higher Living XLV.

So shall the highest young couple in the land for once hear the truth, when men throw up their caps, and cry, with living shouts, "God bless them." —*Dickens.*

We will begin the new love of woman and man, no longer that of boy and girl, conscious that we have aims and purposes, as well as affections, and that if love is sweet, life is dreadfully stern and earnest. —*Huxley* to his *Intended.*

Thou, God, whose high, eternal Love
Is the only blue sky of our life,
Clear all the Heaven that bends above
The life-road of this man and wife.

May these two lives be but one note
In the world's strange-sounding harmony,
Whose sacred music e'er shall float
Through every discord up to Thee.
—*Sidney Lanier.*

We must not make this world a paradise
By walking it together with clasped hands.
And eyes that meeting feel a double strength,
We must be only joined by pains divine,
Of spirits blent in mutual memories. —*Geo. Eliot.*

Sympathy is unavoidable between two persons who look ever so little into each other's hearts and compare tastes and desires. —*C. D. Warner.*

The age, the present times, are not
To snudge in, and embrace a cot;
Action and blood now get the game,
Disclaim treads on the peaceful name;
Who sits at home, too, bears a load
Greater than those that gad abroad.
—*Henry Vaughan.*

Calm solitary days of the spring-time of marriage spread a carpet of flowers over the path of these two beings.

Beautiful hours when in every cloud stood a smiling angel who, instead of rain-drops, showered down flowers.

Enjoy untroubled, for the time being, O my hero, this refined sugar of life, and empty the dish of sweetmeats which the forenoon offers thee. —*Jean Paul.*

And so, dearest, I solemnly devote myself to thee,—consecrate myself to be *thine.* I thank thee that thou has thought me not unworthy to be thy companion on the journey of life. I have undertaken much. * * * The thought of the great duties which I take upon me, makes me feel how little I am. But the feeling of the greatness of these duties shall exalt me; and thy love, thy too favorable opinion of me, will lend to my imperfection all that I want. * * * Hand in hand we shall traverse it (life) and encourage and strengthen each other, until our spirits—O may it be together—shall rise to the eternal fountain of all peace.
—*Fichte to Johanna Ruhn.*

And now, as the writers of epics would moralize, over all the world would men be going forth to their labor. * * * * Meanwhile, in a corner of God's universe two irresponsible idlers were setting forth on their sentimental journey, without a though of the complexity of life, for they were not writers of epics. —*John Buchin.*

Succeeding the momentous wedding-day are the honeyed weeks in which the real acquaintance of those so near and yet so far is made. Before this, all has been so vague as to escape definition. Its dreams have been of that vast diffusive order which, although often satisfying to the heart, lead the head greatly to wonder, or even to query unto doubting. Now, there is revelation light unto light comprehension, each of the other; surprise at the unexpected: a challenge to accept or reject, at almost every turn. Said Wordsworth, when told of a certain startling elopement, "So Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett have gone off together. I hope they understand each other—nobody else would." Gradually the mystery which attracts two human beings is cleared, gradually the two souls merge into one, and so is this most intimate acquaintance made to discover anew the bond which alone makes marriage real and lasting. For the first time in all of life thus far, are these two people really face to face, not only with themselves, but with one another. God grant that now the verymost elements of their respective characters may be such as not only to justify the marriage, but likewise all the patience, hopefulness, and courage which are necessarily involved!

Out from the old homes now, from the parental sheltering, from childhood's freedom and youth's apprenticeship, goes the newly married couple for their first excursion into the world together. Up from the lower planes of human development, where the bride for a time is kept on public exhibition, or where for a season she is loaned to admiring friends, custom has advanced to where now she is at once taken possession of by her lord, and in his companionship at once starts upon the way of married life. To a few, this necessarily means an immediate settling down to ordinary everyday work. To others, a brief "trip" to friends or conventional resorts. To an increasing number, a "tour," either domestic or foreign, of striking extent. With everyone, it seems to be natural to add this experience to all else which marks the beginning of married life as unique, and worthy to be notably commemorated.

As one thinks of what is really implied by "the wedding journey," one recalls what Howells says at the beginning of his book bearing this name. "I shall have nothing to do," says he, "but talk of some ordinary traits of American life as these appeared to them, to speak a little of well-known and everyday accessible places, to present now a bit of landscape and now a sketch of character. Yet, generally speaking, one wonders whether most wedding tourists would be able very well to describe many incidents by the way, or many landscapes or characters either, save, perhaps, certain spots, where something important to themselves had happened, or where certain people who had fortunately accentuated their mutual egotism by some unexpected show of attention, had been met. As Isabel says in the book, "There will not be a suspicion of honey moonshine about us; we shall do just like anybody else,—with a difference, dear, with a difference"; and one suspects that it is just this "difference" which makes the wedding journey a somewhat serious fact by itself, much, indeed, as has been the wedding preceding it.

In just what this difference consists, or should consist, it is hard to think, much less describe, although we can easily rule out much that ordinarily might be ascribed to the influence of places, landscapes, and characters. Perhaps what Lady Mary Montagu says in a letter about a certain "old maid" who had recently married a rich man, may help us, notwithstanding that "with all his glory never bride had fewer enviers, the dear beast of a man is so filthy, frightful, odious and detestable." For we read further, "They were married on Friday, and came to church *en parade* on Sunday. I happened to sit in the pew with them," she continues, "and had the horror of seeing Mrs. Bride fall fast asleep in the middle of the sermon, and snore very comfortably; which made several women in the church think the bridegroom not quite so ugly as they did before," and which leads one now to think that one here gets an inkling of what the "several women" recognized likewise as belonging appropriately and simply to the eternal fitness of things. For, undoubtedly, the couple had accepted one another so fully that never a doubt concerning the world's ability to stand, despite their self-absorption, could interfere with sleep, even in a church!

From another couple, depicted so admirably by Charles Dudley Warner, in "A Little Journey in the World," we get a somewhat different suggestion. "In the first days, she dwelt much on this theme, 'little touches that remind one of home'; indeed it was hardly second in her talk—her worship—I can call it nothing less—of her husband. She liked to talk of Brandon (her childhood home) and the dear life there and the dearer friends—this much talk about it showed that it

was another life, already of the past, and beginning to be distant in the mind. * * * Margaret, thus early, was conscious of a drift, of a widening space, and was making an effort to pull the two parts of her life together." Perhaps the effort to pull together the life before and after marriage is not always thus clearly recognized, but it certainly often gives tone and color, even to the earlier weeks of closest association, sometimes beyond possible subduing or erasure. Life has few psychological moments more vital than are some of those especially belonging to this period. "Before marriage," says Flaubert of Madame Bovary, "she thought herself in love; but the happiness that should have followed this love, not having come, she must, she thought, have been mistaken. And Emma tried to find out what one meant exactly in life by the words *felicity, passion, rapture*, that had seemed so beautiful in books." The fact is, many people preconceive such a vividly ideal image of the person they wish to marry, that not until the harsh awakening itself do they find out that the real person is a very different thing—a revelation which often comes very early, and often leads to results which are seldom recovered from.

Another truth is pitiful, namely, that so many people must undergo the strain, the surprises, the deep forced questions of the "honeymoon" when they are so exhausted, distrait, unstable, as customs now force them to be. Can it never be recognized in time, that human nature, when fagged out in one respect, is unfitted safely to undergo fagging in some one or more other ways? Overwork, overstimulation, overtension, up to the wedding day, is no good preparation for continued unrest, hard journeying, much visiting and unique experiencing, so soon afterwards. Sensibly, it would seem that such momentous experiences would better be entered upon after rest and all that good health of mind and body assures. With reference to what frequently follows it could sometimes only too truly be said that especially the young bride, already so tired, has so little stamina, and yet must carry such a burden of social whirl and personal hardship, that there is little or no vitality left for the companionship of either body or soul, which, supposably, is so desirable at this time. And when one considers the sources of insidious division that are disclosed just here; the false notes that detract so much from the music, now and after; the imperative impulses and moods which are just as likely to be harsh and harmful as otherwise; the benumbing of sensibility and the obscuration of much else, all of which are so owing to lowered nutritional conditions and the poisons which go with these,—when one considers all these and all that necessarily grows out of these, one would be little less than human not sternly to cry out against present customs, in behalf of suffering and endangered humanity. And so duty again compels the saying of another word, the delicate one about certain people, of whom it was said, "they knew one another too well for any of those surprises of possession that increase its joys a hundred fold." Few people seem to realize the pathetic danger there is in satiation of sensibility until all too late for the prevention of the shuddering antipathy which physiologically may follow. Just a little reserve here, a continuous possibility of fresh surprises of companionship, a thought of the future which may become cloyed and disgusted, a tender regard for the natural rhythm of body and soul, are of the vital order only which makes the early days of married life prophetic of satisfactory years. However, to give warnings concerning these days of halcyonic completeness probably seems to most people about as appropriate as to "die of sunstroke in February"; while, as James Freeman Clarke once said, "I suspect that no one can be a genuine reformer and not be ridiculous."

Besides, who really has the heart ever to obtrude prosy facts upon this time of rosy castle-building, anyway? Just as children must pass through, or ought to be allowed to pass through, mostly undisturbed, a period of vivid imaginary construction, in which a small foundation of fact supports ever so many tiers of fanciful architecture, so, now, even if it is not second childhood, there yet should be opportunity, as never again, for full enjoyment of all the luxurious guessing at what may, or can, or ought to be, and this with every anxious if well meaning instructor kept mostly at a safe distance. Spain itself is in possession now, or else, is certainly possessable, at will. On gossamer lines against the sun are constructed romantic nests for swaying moonbeams only, in which, God willing, shall forever live super-angelic beings in the midst of enchantments untold. No Phœbus has driven nor shall ever drive the sun, as shall one as yet unnamed. On wings of love celestial let all be borne, whither wish or will shall determine. So close to heaven is it all that the music thereof, and the radiance from the throne itself, shall make glad, unto all eternity. Yes, let the time pass—all too quickly for many; too seriously for some; too foolishly for others. But don't harshly obtrude anything from a world where facts are cold and fancy not overwarm. Back upon this blessed dreaming of the after-wedding days let it be possible ever to look at a brilliance—a color, so fascinating—that, whatever may come, there shall always be remembered joy, and, with this, renewed inspiration! The best of Higher Living often has its source in flights of waywardness which no kind of hard sense can ever justify. Yet, if the first sweet madness of married life is thus to be tenderly sheltered, let it be worthy of this because of all the good understanding and hope which have timely prepared the way. Anything less than this will frustrate justice, in spite of mercy's glad help.

SMITH BAKER, M. D.

Emerson on Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, by his transcendent reach of thought so invites the extremes that, whilst he has kept the theatre now for three centuries, and, like a street Bible, furnishes sayings to the market, courts of law, the senate, and common discourse,—he is yet to all wise men the companion of the closet. The student finds the solitariest place not solitary enough to read him, and so searching is his penetration, and such the charm of his speech, that he still agitates the heart in age as in youth, and will, until it ceases to beat. Young men of a contemplative turn carry his sonnets in the pocket; with that book, the shade of any tree, a room in any inn, becomes a chapel or oratory, in which to sit out their happiest hours. Later they find riper and manlier lessons in the plays.

And secondly, he is the most robust and potent thinker that ever was—I find that it was not history, courts and affairs that gave him lessons, but he that gave grandeur and prestige to them. There never was a writer who, seeming to draw every hint from outward history, the life of cities and courts—owed them so little. You shall never find in this world the barons or kings he depicted. 'Tis fine for Englishmen to say they only know history by Shakespeare. The palaces they compass earth and sea to enter, the magnificence and personages of royal and imperial abodes, are shabby imitations and caricatures of his,—clumsy pupils of his instruction. There are no Warwicks, no Talbots, no Bolingbrokes, no Cardinals, no Henry Fifth, no real Europe, like his. The loyalty and royalty he drew was all his own. The real Elizabeths, Jameses and Louises were painted sticks before this magician.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the September Atlantic.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

GERMANY AND THE APOSTLES' CREED: ANOTHER PROTEST.

Through the kindness of that Wiesbaden correspondent whose experiences as a candidate for the German ministry were outlined in these notes last spring, I am in receipt of another protest against obligatory subscription to the so-called Apostles' creed. This protest is made from quite a different quarter, being in fact the utterance of an active army officer and member of the nobility. Mr. Schneider, in sending it, remarks: "You will doubtless rejoice with me that now when pastors are silent, officers speak, and that again, as in the days of Luther, the beginning is made in an appeal to the Christian nobility of the German nation."

There exists among the German nobility a sort of fraternal organization known as the *Adelsgenossenschaft*. The article in question, reprinted from a recent issue of the *Preussiche Jahrbücher*, discusses this *Adelsgenossenschaft* and its attitude toward the Apostles' creed. The author, Capt. R. von Lücken, a cavalry officer, joined the *Adelsgenossenschaft*, he tells us, because its general aims appealed to his interest and sympathy, and without at first realizing the significance of the fact that this organization, which includes both protestants and Catholics, requires, by one section of its by-laws, faithful acceptance by its members of the Apostles' creed, that being regarded apparently as a harmonizing formula which adherents of either confession can accept.

On reflection, however, it seemed to Capt. von Lücken that in joining the association under those terms, he not only laid an unjustifiable burden upon himself but also apparently endorsed efforts which could not conduce to the best good of the German people. In this conviction he addressed to the president of the organization a request for the consideration of some possible modification of this requirement as to the creed. The request was simply refused without even the courtesy of a reference to the next general assembly of the members. Capt. von Lücken thereupon felt justified in bringing the matter before the wider tribunal of public opinion, and in this article amplifies, supports and justifies his appeal.

Disclaiming all wish to disturb the confessional peace of the *Adelsgenossenschaft*, he argues that, as a matter of fact, the Apostles' creed, of unknown origin and authority, and interpreted differently by members of each confession, affords no adequate expression of the common beliefs and aims of all parties, and is in itself a sufficient explanation of the small proportion of the nobility enrolled in the *Genossenschaft*: only about 2,000 out of 100,000 or more members of noble families in the German empire.

To him the Apostles' creed is an unsatisfactory statement of belief, first, because it contains no suggestion that God each instant punishes our sins by the injury that they do to our souls. Had this truth, he thinks, been as clearly impressed upon the people as it was in the mind of Jesus, the power of conscience would be greater than it is to-day, at least among those who have fallen into atheism.

His second point is that while the second article of the creed states many facts as to the life of Jesus, it does not say what he is and why we love him, and is therefore not adapted to awaken and establish the needful love in us. For my part, he says, I believe in Christ because he has revealed to me judgment and salvation, the justice and the love of God. There are many earnest Christians in our day who cannot assent to this second article of the creed and must therefor hold aloof from any organization that requires such assent of its members. Substitution for this second article, of a belief in God as creator, judge and savior, and in Christ as the revealer of God's love and justice, would be a long step in advance and would form the basis of a surer, more effective peace.

The league of the German nobility is a historical political creation whose objects are to maintain order and morals, to cultivate the ideal elements of the national life, to give loyal support to emperor, king and fatherland, to promote the interests of the nobility as a whole and in case of need to give material assistance to individual members.

All this has nothing whatever to do with the definite formulating of Christian doctrines. The simple vow to strive to be likeminded with Jesus Christ would suffice to hold the association together for the accomplishment of its high and beautiful mission. Hence the petition to regard the work of the organization as purely religious and ethical, not theological and to dogmatical enforcement of the creed as a condition of membership, since this must evidently limit the circle of its membership.

The development of recognized belief has never ceased and never will. In our day the progress of this development has been that we have learned sharply to distinguish between religion and dogma. But to right and left this insight is still wanting. For the one as for the other religion is still a fixed system of doctrine, where the one side humbly bows to what the other rejects, while neither suspects that in the one case as in the other they may or may not have religion. For religion consists in the right relation of the man to God, and according to the Gospel the divine has its sole sphere of activity in the moral. Why then should strife continue, when a harmonizing of opposites is easily to be found in the domain of Chirstian morals? It is altogether pitiful that in spite of this newly awakened deeper insight every proposed reform is still met from some quarter by the cry of "Touch me not."

Let the principle remain as before that every member must stand on a truly Christian basis but leave it to each one to determine for himself how he shall express in thought and word his devotion to God. This idea has been expressed on various occasions by his majesty Emperor William II. In a similar spirit his majesty King Frederick William III. issued the following cabinet order: "I honor religion, gladly follow its blessed precepts and would not on any account reign over a people who had no religion; but I also know that it must be a matter of heart and feeling and of personal conviction and not be degraded to a mere matter of thoughtless lip-service by sytematic compulsion if it is to promote virtue and righteousness."

It would be senseless and inconsequent indeed to disturb believing adherents of traditional conceptions in the confession of their belief. But when compulsory acceptance of any creed, outside the domain of religion and ethics, exists there is created a moral dilemma which cannot be tolerated in the evangelical church, since it leads many truly believing souls to violate their conscience. It results also in moral compromises between conscience and ecclesiastical demands on the part of young men of weak character desiring to enter the ministry of the church. Such compulsion laid upon Catholic priests, monks or laity is justified by the principles of the Catholic church, but is contrary to the very essence of evangelical belief. To do away with such a religion Jesus Christ suffered himself to be crucified, and now we reinstate it under his name and authority!

Not as a protestant, proclaims Capt. von Lücken—not as a protestant, but as a Christian I take my stand and strive for religiousness without creed, liberty of conscience and belief. "Creed is a private matter"—"Christianity is the concern of the whole German people."

Christianity is not a system of law but a new life, which can only be accepted voluntarily from conviction. It seeks the highest individual development of man and his independence, not his subjection.

The life of man, like that of the individual, proceeds through various ages and stages, each with its corresponding conception of life. Just so with the Christian religion. Therefore nothing but a Christianity patient and tolerant of the divergent views can lead to higher ethical goals by allowing room for development. The more we protestants recognize this and embody it, the more will hatred and enmity among Christians disappear. Only so can a Christianity of words be transformed into one of deeds. The church cannot be indifferent to present conditions, for the fact that some three million social-democratic voters and many cultivated people have abandoned the church, or become more or less estranged from it, is a weighty one. The English philosopher Hobbes once said that religion was necessary for the control of the masses and as a matter of police; to-day it no longer serves that purpose, but rather every incomprehensible dogma forms a barrier between government and people and equally between the people and the nobility. Dogmatic compulsion leads to party egoism.

Much is said to-day of the growing roughness of the young, and with reason, since criminal statistics show that it is on the increase. In the year 1899, there were 9,000 persons between the ages of 12 and 18, who had been sentenced at least a second time. Whence comes this? The answer is not far to

seek. In school the children are taught that there can be no religion unless certain dogmas and narratives, which conflict with our present-day knowledge of nature and history, are accepted as infallibly true. In the intercourse of daily life they become convinced that such acceptance is impossible. This leads to the conviction that religion, like these dogmas, is out of date. Is it not clear how the efforts of the teacher of religion go for naught, the orthodox Christian becomes an unbeliever, a sceptic, an atheist? Is it any wonder that thousands of our youth fall into crime? The sins of these children rest on the conscience of society, on the conscience of all those who permit such conditions without fighting them to the knife.

And what will check this unbelief? Not becoming more strictly confessional; that can but increase the evil. There is but one remedy possible, more religion, more Christianity, therefore more freedom.

To restrict freedom of thought shows little confidence in the inner might of Christianity, and bids humanity cease its striving toward higher aims.

The nobility should not let itself be robbed of the glory of working as a leader and pathfinder in this direction. But to this end it must first be strong in the right conviction in its own camp. It dare not undervalue the religious and ethical might of millions of cultivated Germans who gladly accept a free interpretation of Christianity, but reject the Apostolicum.

In a pledge to trust in God and to the following of Jesus lies the needful common ground rather than in mutual subjection to an inherited formula of words.

To summon his fellows to such a standard was the purpose of this pamphlet, which has the ring of a timely lay sermon for the thoughtful on both sides of the Atlantic. M. E. H.

CALIFORNIA.

The Chicago & North Western Ry. has issued a new publication entitled "California." It contains a beautiful colored map of the state, a list of hotels at California tourist resorts with their capacity and rates; and a most interesting series of pictures showing California's resources and attractions. The prospective visitor and settler should be in possession of a copy of this profusely illustrated folder. Sent to any address on receipt of four cents in stamps. One way tickets on sale daily September 15 to October 15, only $33.00 Chicago to the Coast. Correspondingly low rates from all points W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago, Ill.

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